

THE GREATEST MOTHER OF THEM ALL.

ELMER LATOURE



Stone Piano Company
STONE BUILDING
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EVERYTHING KNOWN IN MUSIC

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ST. LOUIS

MO.

The Greatest Mother Of Them All.

ELMER LATOURE

Moderato



Dolce

A sol - dier from the bat - tle front; A blue eyed boy so young and fair Lay
In ev - 'ry nor - mal wom - ans heart, The love of her own child we find But
Since his - t'ry's dawn have na - tions fought, For lands or tri - bute, gold or Pelf, And

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in a major key. It begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

bleed - ing from a cru - el wound, All stained with blood his gold - en hair, A
in the heart of this "Red Cross" We find the love of all man - kind Where -
Mil - lions have been killed or maimed, Each king re - gard - ing naught but self, But

The second vocal entry continues the melody from the first, with similar rhythmic patterns and a piano accompaniment that maintains the harmonic structure.

Red Cross nurse be - side him stood, Her hand lay gen - tly on his brow Said
ev - - er wounds or sick - ness find, Their vic - tims, far from home or near This
nev - - er since the world be - gan, Has na - tion 'till the pres - ent day Gone

The third vocal entry concludes the piece with a final half note. The piano accompaniment provides a gentle, flowing background for the vocal lines.

rall.

she,— Where does your moth-er live? She's dead,— I have no moth-er now.
 gen - tle moth-er's al - ways nigh Dis - pen - sing mer - cy, love and cheer.
 forth to fight for all man - kind That na - tion is the U. S. A.

rall.

REFRAIN. *Animato con moto.*

This great Red Cross is now my Moth-er the great-est Moth-er of them all, A

wave of God's own love and mer - cy Spread round this world at Cal-vary's call, A

gleam of hope in man's mis-for-tunes Wher' - er on earth his lot may fall Oh

hap - less man be - hold thy moth-er The great - est moth-er of them all.

Six Big Songs

Various in sentiment, but each possessing an appeal irresistible.

They range in subject from the deepest soul-thought to the most thoughtless abandon. Where can you point to a lyric in the same class with

SHADOWS OF FLAME.....by Miss Kendall and Russell Robinson

Shadows that play, when the day fades away,
To me are a symbol old.
Of a love that has passed, like a flame and at last,
Has burned to its ashes cold.

Sunshine then rain, the pleasure then pain,
O'er life do the shadows fall.
The roses must die, and the lips say good bye!
The heart will remember all.

Refrain: Memories are like the shadows, etc.

I LIVE IN ANOTHER WORLD.....by Herbert Collier

This song has a meaning between the lines. Anybody with a thought or two above an oyster will know that each one of these people is architect of each ones own moods. It is a real song with reason for its existence.

I MAKE A HIT WHEREVER I GO.....by Alice Harrington

You can do it. As Shakespeare says, "Tis as easy as lying." Just laugh at everybody's stale jokes. If someone starts a lamentation, change the subject. Agree with everybody and smile. Get the habit and you will be welcome in any company.

Sing this song until you catch the spirit.

MY LOVE IN LOVE LAND.....by Sam Glazer

Just whether it be the words or music that is selling this song so rapidly we are unable to say. There are many people of many minds and a whole lot of them like it. We prefer "Shadows of Flame," but it is a matter of taste, or may be condition.

GOOD BYE GEORGIA GOOD BYE....Miss Kendall and Russell Robinson

If this song is'nt a hit with both singers and dancers we have missed our calling. The lyric and music are a perfect blend in one affectionate dream. It recalls Romeo's lines:

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good bye until tomorrow."

This is a hit for all classes. None escape by reason of age, sex, or previous condition.

EVERYTHING HE DOES JUST PLEASES ME.....by Artie Matthews

This is the typical, farcical popular song of the day.

It might be called the caricature of a love story where affection is overdrawn and sentiment is expanded. The music is catchy—as ice cream in August—and you will be singing it even against your better judgment.

YOU'VE GOT ME KID

By Phil H. Kaufman

TWILIGHT SONGS

VIOLETS BRING MEMORIES